

The Albany Register.

VOL. 1.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

NO. 18.

The Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
COLLINS VAN CLEVE.

OFFICE ON CORNER OF FERRY AND FIRST STS.
OPPOSITE W. W. PARRISH & CO.'S STORE.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

One Year, Three Dollars
Six Months, Two Dollars
Single Copies, Ten Cents

ADVERTISING RATES.

One Column, per Year, \$100; Half Column,
\$50; Quarter Column, \$25.
Transient advertisements per Square of ten
lines or less, first insertion, \$3; each subsequent
insertion, \$1.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECT-
fully inform the citizens of Albany and vic-
inity that he has taken charge of this establish-
ment, and, by keeping clean rooms and paying
strict attention to business, expects to suit all
those who may favor him with their patronage.
Having heretofore carried on nothing but
First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,
he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.
Children and Ladies' hair neatly cut and
shampooed.
JOSEPH WEBBER.
sept 19/62

GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.

GRADUATE OF THE CINCINNATI DEN-
tal College, would invite all persons desiring
artificial teeth, and first-class dental operations,
to give him a call.
Specimens of Vulcanite Base with gold-plate
teeth, and other new styles of work, may be
seen at his office, in Parrish & Co.'s brick, (up
stairs) Albany, Oregon.
Residence—Corner Second and Baker sts. 2

D. B. RICE, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE—ON SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN
street,
Albany, September 19, '68-21/69

E. F. Russell,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Specialist in Chancery and Real Estate Agent.
Will practice in the Courts of the Second, Third,
and Fourth Judicial Districts, and in the Supreme
Court of Oregon.
Office in Parrish's Block, second story, third
door west of Ferry, north side of First st. 11

Special attention given to the collection of
Claims at all points in the above named Districts.

J. C. POWELL. L. FLINN.

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
and Solicitors in Chancery.
(L. Flinn, Notary Public.)

Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances
promptly attended to. 1

W. J. HITABIDEL. F. M. REDFIELD.

Hittabidel & Co.,

DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PRO-
visions, Wood and Willow Ware, Confection-
ery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc.
Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany,
Oregon. 1

W. W. PARRISH. J. C. MENDENHALL.

W. W. Parrish & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
in General Merchandise, Albany.
The best Goods at the lowest market prices. Mer-
chantable Produce taken in exchange. 1

E. A. Freeland,

DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
School, Miscellaneous and Black Books,
Stationery, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink, etc., Post-
office Building, Albany, Oregon. Books ordered
from New York and San Francisco. 1

S. H. Claughton,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE
AGENT, Office in the Post Office building,
Albany, Oregon.

Will attend to making Deeds and other convey-
ances, also to the prompt collection of debts en-
trusted to my care. 1

J. BARROWS. L. BLAIN. S. E. YOUNG.

J. Barrows & Co.,

GENERAL AND COMMISSION MER-
chants. Dealers in Staple, Dry and Fancy
Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery,
Boots and Shoes; Albany, Oregon.
Consignments solicited. 1

C. Mealey & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS
in all kinds of Furniture and Cabinet
Ware, First street, Albany.

Albany Weekly Register

JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

First street, (opposite Parrish & Co.'s store.)

ALBANY : : OREGON.

ALBANY : : OREGON.

HAVING a very fair assortment of material
we are prepared to execute, with neatness
and dispatch, all kinds of

PLAIN AND FANCY JOB PRINTING

such as

Hand-bills,
Programmes,
Bill-heads,
Cards,
Ball Tickets,
Pamphlets, etc.

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OUR CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

A Merry Good Morning! THE FIRST OF THE
"Tis the Carrier's greeting!
As with heart-brimful gladness,
Face revealing might but sadness,
Dawning, smiling in his gladness,
O'er the New Year's meeting,
Cometh he, with words of cheer!

Pleased indeed is he to meet you,
And with words of joy to greet you,
Friends and neighbors true!
For the new-born year brings tidings,
Not of wars or broils or chidings,
But of "Peace," the glorious tidings
Granted unto you.

Hope is in our bosoms swelling;
Peace is round our hearth-stones dwelling,
Plenty's in our store,
Grant and Colfax at the Nation's
Head and front will lead vexations,
Which for four years past our Nation's
Grieved and grumbled o'er.

Would that on this New Year's morning,
I, without a previous warning,
Could at the White House call;
Then I could tell you truly
What I had seen of that unruly
"Moses," "Accident" or "Mule"-'y,
Fixing for his fall.

'Tis wearing on his "Constitution,"
This constant fear of retribution—
The papers so relate;
And my heart within me thumping
And against my bosom bumping,
Sets my sympathies a-jumping
In sorrow for his fate.

But in spite of this I'm happy,
For I know that now the happy
"Hard-head" who now rule,
Has found that he will be supplanted
By a Nation which has "Grant"-'ed
Right to Rule to one undaunted
Man of noble soul.

So Patrons, one and all, I hail you!
Never shall my friendship fail you!
Again I say, good cheer!
The blessings to all gives greeting;
Friends and foes alike his meeting;
Knowing well Old Time is fleeting,
Backward with New Year.

May I often see your faces
In accustomed business places
In the days to come,
The Register invokes your blessing,
And the Carrier by addressing
You with Peace his heart possessing,
Hitch to his home.

The Angel and the Temptress.

George Jackson was a young man of
promise, and was so considered by all in
his native town. He was a lawyer in pro-
fession, and was gradually laying the
foundation for a strong and steady prac-
tice.

He had one great drawback to con-
tend against, however. He was a man
of a strong, impetuous nature, and had
inherited with it a fondness for dissipa-
tion. In his younger days, and until he
commenced the practice of his profession,
he had led a wild life, and had been re-
garded as a hopeless case. Upon receiv-
ing his certificate he had suddenly as-
tonished his friends by an abrupt discon-
tinuance of his old habits, and a steady
application to his business.

Yet no one knew what a struggle it
cost him to do so. No one knew the
mental agony he endured in trying to
cast off the temptation which constantly
haunted him, and sought to cast him
down from the position he had reached.
It was, with him, a continual effort; for,
in the society in which he moved, not a
day passed that he did not experience a
temptation to abandon his resolution, and
indulge "just once" in the dangerous
pleasure. His legal friends were by no
means so strict in their habits, and they
frequently urged him to join in a friendly
glass; and he scarcely attended an en-
tertainment that he was not offered wine.
All these offers were quietly and courte-
ously refused; but sometimes the young
man felt that the effort would snap his
heart strings. He made the struggle
bravely though. He firmly resolved
never to taste intoxicating liquors, for he
knew himself well enough to be assured
that his first glass would only lead to
another, and the old thirst for liquor once
aroused, he could not tell where it would
end. Thus matters stood when this story
opens.

Mr. Jackson feeling that he was on
the road to success, and that prudence
and energy would certainly bring him
that blessing; thought it about time
that he should take a wife. He believed
that he had arrived at years of discretion,
and was capable of making a judicious se-
lection, and he ended this matter by re-
solving to settle this question as soon as
he had the opportunity.

In the town in which he was residing
were two young women, who had long
divided the admiration of the gossips.
One was a beautiful, brilliant creature,
with glorious black eyes, and tresses of
the same hue. She was, by many, con-
sidered the belle of the town; and, in-
deed, it did seem hard to find a more
beautiful woman than Sarah Carlyle.

Others, however, gave the preference
to Lucy Lane, a quiet, modest little thing,
whose exquisitely sweet face seemed to
have stepped out from one of Raphael's
pictures.
Mr. Jackson had known both ladies
for some time, but as he had not until
recently considered himself a "marrying
man," he had regarded them simply as
ordinary acquaintances. Like others, he
had been perplexed in his efforts to de-
cide which was the more beautiful. At
the first glance, he invariably awarded
the palm to Miss Carlyle; but the sight
of Lucy Lane's sweet face would scatter
his conclusions to the winds, and he
would feel irresistibly drawn by the lat-
ter.

When he made up his mind to hunt
for a wife, his thoughts went im-

mediately to the two beauties, and he re-
solved, if he found their other qualities
such as he hoped, to try and win the one
he loved best for his wife; to tell the
truth the young man was half in love
with both, but with a growing preference
for Lucy. He wanted a wife for some-
thing more than mere beauty, and he
could not help believing that he would
find what he desired more surely in Miss
Lane than in Miss Carlyle. A favora-
ble opportunity soon presented itself to
decide the question.

Miss Carlyle felt flattered by the atten-
tion of one who bade so fair to achieve
distinction, and resolved to win him if
the powers of fascination could do so.

On her twenty-fourth birthday she
gave an entertainment, which surpassed
anything the town had ever witnessed.
George Jackson was there. She was
radiantly beautiful, and the young man
had half determined to address her be-
fore the evening was over.

When the guests went into the supper-
room, Mr. Jackson found himself be-
tween the two beauties. Some one pro-
posed the health of the fair hostess, and
all but the young man drained their
glasses to the bottom. He did not drink.
Miss Carlyle noticed this, and she said to
him in surprise:

"Is it possible that you refuse to drink
my health, Mr. Jackson?"

"Pardon me," he said calmly, "you
know that I never drink wine."

"But this once will not make any
difference," she urged smilingly.

"I am sorry to refuse you," he said,
"but I must do so. I resolved five years
ago not to taste any intoxicating liquors.
I might do myself great harm by accord-
ing to your request."

"I am sure you cannot do wrong to
drink one glass, and that to my health,"
she said as sweetly as before.

She saw Lucy Lane watching them
calmly, and she meant to show that
young lady how greatly she had the
young lawyer in her power. But for
this she would have accepted his excuse,
and ceased to urge him. Miss Lane's
face flushed as she heard the young
temptress' speech, and involuntarily she
gazed at Jackson, as if awaiting his
answer.

"Miss Carlyle," said the young man
with evident embarrassment, "I beg you
will not urge me in this matter. I have
made a solemn resolution to abstain from
all kinds of liquors. I consider my hon-
or involved in this resolve, and I am
sure you would not have me prove false
to it."

"You will not do so by obliging me
this once," persisted the beauty. It is
not fair for you alone, to refuse to drink
my health. I am really offended with
you. I don't see why you should refuse
to gratify me only for once."

"To be ended with you," speaking
slowly, while his face flushed painfully,
"I am afraid to do so. You remember
the life I led five years ago. I am
afraid that one single departure from the
path that I have marked out for myself
might drag me back to it."

Turning his head for a moment, he saw
Miss Lane standing by him, and he knew
from the look of sympathy which her
face wore, that she had heard the con-
versation.

"What shall I do," he asked her al-
most unconsciously.

"You must decide for yourself," she
answered quietly, "but I would die
before I would abandon such a resolution."

Neither saw the angry flash that darted
from Miss Carlyle's eyes. She con-
trolled herself, however, and said care-
lessly: "I shall urge you no more, Mr.
Jackson, and I am sorry you should be
so much afraid to pay me so simple a
compliment."

She bowed and passed to another por-
tion of the room, thinking that the young
man, in order to avoid offending her would
finally yield.

He did not and finally she saw him
leave the house. He went away with
the matrimonial question finally settled.
A woman who would urge him as she
had done, to violate such a resolution,
was not the person for a wife. Lucy
Lane's simple reply decided his doubts
in her favor, and the next day that young
lady received a formal offer of his hand
and heart, which she promptly accepted.

They were married and never afterwards
did Mr. Jackson have cause to regret
Miss Carlyle's conduct toward him, for it
gained him a wife.

AGAINST THE CURRENT.—A waggish
chap, whose vixen wife by drowning lost
her precious life, called out his neigh-
bors all around, and told 'em that his
spouse was drowned, and, in spite of
search, could not be found. He knew,
he said the very nook where she had
tumbled in the brook, and he had dragged
along the shore, above the place a mile
or more.

"Above the place?" the people cried;
"why, what d'ye mean?"

The man replied,—

"Of course you don't suppose I'd go
and waste the time to look below? I've
known the woman quite a spell, and
learned her fashions to be well; alive or
dead, she'd go. I s'wore, against the cur-
rent anyhow!"

An old bachelor says the most diffi-
cult part of surgery is to take the jaw out
of a woman.

Circumstantial Evidence—Interesting Story.

The Atlanta, Georgia, *Intelligencer* re-
lates as follows:

In the recent trial of the parties charged
with the murder of Captain J. F. Gruber,
Mr. Tully, one of the counsel for the
defense, narrated the following theory:

The whole case was made up of cir-
cumstantial evidence of the lowest charac-
ter and to illustrate how guardedly even
the best and strongest circumstantial evi-
dence must be taken, he referred to a
trial that took place in this very court
about thirty years ago.

Judge Canonge then presided in the
court, and Mr. Muzurean was the At-
torney General. There then lived on the
bayou road a man about 25 or 30 years
old. He was not an educated nor a
wealthy man but he was honest and had
a good heart. Having had a limb broken
he was very infirm in health. He made
his livelihood by going to the Bayou St.
John, v. r. p. e. and catching fish to sell
in the market next morning. One moon-
light evening while sitting on the bank of
the bayou, fishing as usual, he saw a lady
dressed in white in company with a gen-
tleman, walking on the road beside the
bayou. They were quarreling as they
passed him, and his attention was attract-
ed by hearing them quarrel.

After they passed he resumed his fish-
ing, and waited until he had caught his
usual supply. He then started home
with his basket. As he reached the place
known as the "Coquet" he heard a loud
cry, and soon after a feeble cry. Advanc-
ing in the direction of the sound, he
saw a woman in a white gown lying on
the pavement, and coming to the woman
he perceived that a dagger had been
stabbed into her bosom. Thinking to
relieve her, he took the dagger by the
hilt and drew it out. As he did so,
a watchman grasped him. The woman
was killed.

The poor fisherman was tried for the
murder. The case was made out clearly
against him. He had been detected in
the very act, bending over the body of
the deceased with the weapon in his hand.
He was convicted, and was hung at Congo
square. About six months after, a trial
was going on in Judge Canonge's Court.
A citizen called as a juror said he did not
wish to be on the jury, and wished to
speak a few words to the Judge. The
Judge allowed him a private conversation.
Supposing that he might have scruples
about capital punishment, the Judge
asked him if that was the reason he ob-
jected to being on the jury. "No," he
answered, "that is not the reason. I saw
the fisherman hung for the murder of my
wife. He did not do it. I killed her
myself, from jealousy." The Judge sat
petrified. The man made for the door,
escaped and has not been heard of since.

A WRECK.—George Alfred Townsend
writes to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, in a let-
ter descriptive of the incidents of a sea
voyage, the following item of interesting
personal intelligence:

But the central figure of the ship is an
old, paralytic man in whose lost and
struggling intelligence you see reminis-
cences of long command. It is Comman-
der Hartstein, who was an officer of the
United States Navy thirty-three years.
When the war began, his instincts,
though a South Carolinian, were all for
the Government. But his wealthy wife
influenced him first to passiveness, then
to rebellion. He gave up his commis-
sion, which was his history, and, like a
lost energy, wandered to and fro in
Charleston, full of dark premonitions of
the success of the great Government he
had betrayed. When the fire was opened
upon Sumter he strolled in the same
abstract way to Fort Moultrie, and looked
at the gunners driving iron into the
faithful old castle. There was no enthu-
siasm in his regard. Next morning, when
the flag of Fort Sumter fell, a stroke
of paralysis fell upon Commander
Hartstein. God spared him the work of
a traitor, if not his defection. They car-
ried his wrecked body to a blockade run-
ner, and he lay stunned and remorseful
in Paris three years, filled with bitter
upbraidings against his counselors. They
fed him with a spoon, like a baby. He
has returned home to find his broad acres
laid waste; his wife's homestead is un-
tenable. Lonely and wearily these two
with their daughter are returning to Eu-
rope to spend the rest of their life in
almost indigent exile.

When Kleber was in Egypt he sus-
tained during five hours, with only two
thousand men, the united efforts of
twenty thousand. He was nearly sur-
rounded, was wounded, and had only a
narrow defile by which to escape. In
this extremity he called to him a *chef de*
batallion, named Chevaradin, for whom he
had a particular regard, and said to him,
"Take a company of grenadiers, and stop
the enemy at the ravine. You will be
killed but you will save your comrades."

"Yes, General," replied Chevaradin. He
gave his watch and pocket-book to his
servant, excepted the order, and his
death, in fact, arrested the enemy and
saved the French.

Old Field Marshal Wrangel, the high-
est officer of the Prussian army, is eighty-
four years old, and bids fair to become
a centenarian.

Mr. and Mrs. George Washington have a Bit of a Spat.

A nice little story is told of Gen. Wash-
ington by Parton, which will be fresh to
many of our readers, and which shows
him to wives—in the light of a model
husband:

The General and his wife lived happily
together, but it is evident that, like most
heiresses, she was a little exacting and it
is highly probable that the great Wash-
ington was sometimes favored with a
certain lecture. The celebrated authoress
Miss Bremer relates that a gentleman
once slept at Mount Vernon in the room
next occupied by the master and mistress
of the mansion, and when all the inmates
were in bed and the house was still he
overheard, through the thin partition,
the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could
not but listen, it was a certain lecture,
which she was giving her lord. He had
done something during the day which
ought to have been done differently, and
she was giving him her opinions in some-
what animated and quite decided tones.
The great man listened in silence till she
had done, and then, without a remark
upon the subject on hand, he said: "Now,
good sleep to you, my dear." It is plain
the General believed that "it takes two
to quarrel."

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—This question
is answered in the *Journal of Health* in
the following manner:

Reader, I have seen a great deal and
felt more; have talked and traveled, and
enjoyed and suffered with all sorts of peo-
ple; have wandered much, and stayed at
home more; have been on the sea and un-
der it and in it; have been laughed at,
shot at, quarreled at, praised, blamed,
abused; have been blown at, and been
blown up; have had much and had
little—so much as to enjoy nothing, so
little that I would have enjoyed a crust
of bread, because the ship went to the
bottom with everything in it, leaving me
to float to a sand bank; and then, again,
I have wandered over the earth, and un-
der it and through it, its caves and its
dungeons, and its darkness; after stalag-
mites and stalactites; specimens of black
rocks, and white ones, blue stones and
grey; lived for months on desert islands,
just for the purpose of picking up new
shells on the beach, which the tide of
night never failed to leave behind it;
in those bygone days, when I had the
three great requisites of an enjoying trav-
eler, to wit: plenty of time, plenty of
patience, and plenty of money, so if the
coach turned over and smashed up, I
could afford to wait until another could
be had, or if the ship went to the bottom
instead of its destined port, 'twas just the
same to me, because if I was not at one
place I was at another, and there was al-
ways some strange rock to look at, some
queer "dip" that set me calculating how
many horse power it required to make
that rock just turn up so, and all the
million inquiries which geology, astron-
omy, conchology, and a dozen other dry
names suggested, which not only had
the effect to keep me from fretting, but
kept me in continual humor; well, it
all these different situations and as
many more, I have found out, among
others, three things:

1st. That a man out of money can't be
happy.

2d. That a man out of health can't
be happy.

3d. That a man without a wife can't
be happy. Therefore I have come to
the conclusion that the best way to be
happy is to take care of your health, keep
out of debt, and get a wife.

A STRETCHY YARN.—We were run-
ning down from Barbadoes, and the lady
passengers were admiring the flying fish,
when one turned to Jack Lacy, who had
the wheel, and inquired,—

"Jack, do those beautiful fish ever
grow any larger?"

"Why, yes, marm. Down there at
the Cape Verdes they grow as long as that
mainmast."

"Indeed! And do they fly, like
these?"

"Not exactly, marm. They flies longer
and higher. Some on 'em fly just like
eagles all day and more than two miles
high. One day Bill Fawcett was sleep-
ing in the foretop, with his dinner
port wide open, and one of 'em Cape
Verdes flew right slap down his throat."

"Why, Jack, that was singular! A
fish as long as that mainmast flying down
a man's throat?"

"Beg pardon, marm; can't talk much
at the wheel. I s'peak Bill must ha'
stretched like blazes, or else my yarn
has."

An industrious and peevish me-
chanic in Chicago lost his wife by death.
The husband only stopped his work to
attend the funeral, and immediately after-
wards returned to his labors. "How is
this?" asked one of his neighbors: "can't
you stop to mourn a little?" "No, sir,"
was the reply; "business before pleasure."
And the old fellow returned to his
bench.

The first woolen factory in Minnesota
was established by a woman, whose hus-
band had left her and seven children and
not a dollar, to go and seek his fortune
in California. When he returned, penni-
less, her factory was running and she
the proprietor of a small town.

Horrible Solution of a Mystery.

[From the Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium.]

In the early part of the month of Aug-
ust last, a little girl named Eliza Drum-
mond, about eleven years of age, whose
parents reside near the town of West
Monroe, in this county, left her home one
morning for the purpose of picking ber-
ries, and never returned, the most dili-
gent search was made for her by the pa-
rents and neighbors, but no traces could
be found. She had not been drowned,
for all the places where there was water
were carefully examined, even to wells
and cisterns in the neighborhood. After
weeks of fruitless search and inquiry the
afflicted parents gave up their child as
lost. It was reported that a band of va-
grants had been seen near the locality
about the time of the disappearance, and
the opinion prevailed that the child had
been stolen by the gypsies.

The event, which created a profound
sensation at the time, had almost past
from the minds of all save the stricken
parents, when it was painfully recalled
by a recent occurrence. On Tuesday
last, five or six lads went out hunting in
the vicinity, and during the day came
upon a spot where a large number of
black snakes were discovered and killed.
The appearance of the reptiles in such
numbers and at this season of the year, was
considered remarkable, and it was sug-
gested by one of the party that a breed-
ing den must be somewhere near. A
search was immediately commenced,
which resulted in a manner far different
from their expectations.

In the side of the hill, near the edge
of a swamp, was found a sort of opening,
which, in the summer, was concealed by
tall grass and bushes. In this opening
was found a human skeleton, from which
every particle of flesh had been taken.
The bones were as white as ivory, and
all perfect. Near by was a tin pail, in a
rusty condition, and a tin cup. The boys
were terribly frightened, and gave the
alarm. The remains were taken from the
mouth of the den, and on examination
showed that the place had been, and
probably now, was a breeding place for
black snakes. The boldest hesitated to
enter. The entrance, which was large
enough for the admission of a man's body,
grew smaller, and tended downward.
Lighting balls of hay, soaked in kerosene
were thrown into the cavity, and in less
than fifteen minutes eighty-two snakes,
ranging in length from one and a half to
two feet, were killed.

The pail and cup were recognized by
Mr. and Mrs. Drummond as those taken
by her child when she went away the
last time. The physicians pronounced
the remains that of a female child, and
there can be no doubt but the poor little
girl, while picking berries in the vicinity
of the spot, became tired, seated herself
in the shade of the opening to the hor-
rid den, was attacked by the reptiles in
numbers and killed. The discovery has
shocked the whole community, and al-
most prostrated the stricken parents, whose
hearts are made to bleed anew at the
thought of the horrible fate which de-
prived them of their child.

MONEY.—Precious metals as money
are older than history. Two thousand
years before Christ, Abraham, the Chal-
dean shepherd, whose children have
never lost their faith, nor his thrift,
though a hundred and fourteen genera-
tions have